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THOUGHTS ON NATIONS AND CIVILISATION.

SOME philosophers have such an opinion of the helplessness of the race to which they belong, as to be quite at a loss to understand how civilisation should have commenced. They see vast nations of barbarians still overspreading the earth, amongst whom, after thousands of years, no tendency to improvement can be detected; and, not perceiving any natural differences in men, they wonder how the history of other nations, originally as barbarous, should have been so different. Their error lies, first, in not seeing differences in men. There are great organic differences both in nations and in individuals, accompanied by corresponding differences of mental character. It may be readily owned that, as far as we can see, no power of originating a spontaneous civilisation exists in the Papuans and the Troglodytes; *these*, apparently, must wait for a reflected light from other quarters. But the Hellenes and the Teutones, and some other races, have been constituted very differently. The error of the philosophers lies, secondly, in their not understanding that the mental faculties have an inherent activity, and that, in some special cases of high endowment, this activity is inventive and suggestive, thus striking out new lights from the mass of surrounding darkness. A Pascal, at fifteen, made out for himself the chief conclusions of geometry. A woolcomber's son, springing up amongst the commonalty of Warwickshire, wrote more exquisite things, untaught, than any educated man of his own or almost any other age. Why should it be so difficult to comprehend how savage man first learned to kindle a fire or cook his food? Truly, the ideas of philosophers respecting their race are any thing but complimentary. We say, on the contrary, that, just as we see geniuses rise every day to extend the bounds of knowledge, and singularly worthy men to advance and exemplify moral excellence, so, in a barbarian community of the superior kind, would there be better men rising every now and then, to produce some improvement in both respects. The law which produces such men must have operated from the beginning: as there were many heroes before Agamemnon, so there must have been many Anaxagorases, Aristotles, and Platoes, long before the philosophers of these names existed—men capable of conceiving and showing the way to something superior to barbarism. These were the fathers of civilisation. The mythologies of most nations seem to be an obscure record of such men, Veneration having deified them, while as yet Intellect had not formed a written language in which to take down a correct account of their deservings.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that, upon this theory, the civilisation and arts of Central America are to be accounted for without puzzling ourselves about the source of American population. A better kind of race seems to have arisen in that part of the American continent: there is no reason why that race should not have invented architectural designs and practised sculpture *out of their own heads*, as well as the Egyptians, from whom it is vainly attempted to be shown that they must have borrowed their ideas. The invention of these, and a thousand other things, was but a natural phenomenon, only requiring the conditions of intellect and certain external circumstances to bring it to pass. It might take place in any of those physically favoured regions of the earth, where alone young nations are sufficiently at ease on the score of food and shelter to allow of their cultivating the arts of civilisation. And it is important to remark, that the Toltecan civilisation might have an independent beginning, whether the people came originally from the eastern continent or not.

Assuming one origin for the whole race, it is much less difficult than might be supposed to show how the variations have since arisen. That external physical circumstances will do much to produce variation—to blacken or whiten the skin, for instance—can scarcely be doubted, when we see in the Hindoos alone every shade of colour, the shades being the effect of the comparative elevation of territory and comparative height of temperature. But the grand cause of variation appears to reside in a natural law for the production of varieties. This law is less obvious than it otherwise might be, in consequence of the apparently opposite one that the general character of parents is transmitted to offspring. It is nevertheless a prominent and most important feature of nature's economy, having apparently for its object a perpetual freshening and rejuvenescence of the stock of her many animated tribes. It is under favour of this law that an unusually able man—a Franklin or a Burns, for instance—occasionally arises from a race of simple and unthinking rustics. From such a man we may often see the like in succession, but he is himself the head and commencement of his own style of character. It is also seen that, in the domesticated tribes of animals, and in cultivated shrubs, new varieties are constantly arising. A sheep is born with short legs; it is bred from; and in time we see an English county full of short-legged sheep, the peculiarity being thought useful as disabling the animal for leaping fences. A violet or tulip with particular colours and form of leaves arises: it is selected for propagation on account of its beauty, and in a few years we see it spread every where over the country. It is not at all unlikely that some of the chief varieties of mankind—as the Mongolians (amongst whom are the Chinese), or the Caucasians (amongst whom are nearly the whole of the European nations)—have descended from one person, a cadet of another stock who happened to have received from nature qualities considerably different from those of his parents. The greatness of the number marked in one way can be no objection, when we remember that the whole Hebrew nation have a family likeness, known, from Egyptian monuments, to have been the same in the time of Moses, and which may therefore be presumed to be derived from Abraham or one of his immediate descendants. We have only to suppose one of these heads of varieties quitting the native territory with his family, and settling in some neighbouring vacant one, which his children in time peopled. And we can readily suppose that such a person would be just the most likely to pine for free space, and endeavour to obtain it. Subordinate varieties would arise from similar emigrations. In this variety-producing power of nature, evidently lies the chief cause of the numberless peculiarities which mark and distinguish the nations of the earth.

The distinguishing features of nations are to be traced quite as clearly in their mental character as in external form and colour. One is addicted to mystic learning; another to the elegant arts; a third runs wild in superstitious error. Even in savage nations, when we look narrowly into them, there are well-marked peculiarities of character. The variety-producing law of course includes the production of such characteristics. And thus we may contemplate the origin of the artistic mind of the Greeks as a phenomenon precisely analogous to the production of a Lawrence in an inn on the Bath road, or a Wilkie in the manse of a rural Scottish parson. The Gothic mind, with its sober thoughtfulness, perseverance, and tendency to good social institutions, has many a parallel in the rise of judicious and industrious individuals out of families where little of that kind of character is seen to prevail generally. Take any well-marked man at this day, and plant him in the midst of an ample unoccupied space, with married children around him, and, unquestionably, if his family spread over that space, as it probably would, if unrestrained, we should in a few hundred years find a new and peculiar nation arisen. It is only for want of space that phenomena on the same scale as the creation of the Greeks or the Goths do not now take place. Yet, even as the world now is, we see that a certain order of Englishmen, emigrating in company to form a *New* England, become the progenitors of a nation which, two hundred years from its origin, shows strong traces of the peculiar Anglicism which marked the so-called pilgrim fathers. Supposing that the first Puritan emigrants had been alone, and that their descendants had received no infusion of other races, can we doubt, from what we see, that the people of New England would have been, still more expressly than they are, a representation of a peculiar section of English society of the time of Charles the First?

Variety-production—that law by which nations of superior have sprung from nations of inferior endowment—may be considered as the highest that affects the natural history of our species. It produces great leaps in improvement, but these may be at long intervals, and their frequency must be much diminished as the earth becomes filled up with nations. There are other laws of less instant energy, but which work as remarkable effects in time. These work improvement by bringing superior to work upon inferior mental organisation, and by intermarriage of races. There is an inherent tendency in human nature to improve; but, like some other mental characteristics, it is in a great measure confined to a few nations, and to a limited class of even these. If any one wonders why it has been hitherto shown almost exclusively in the Gothic races, let him also wonder why the fine arts can scarcely be said to have ever risen spontaneously any where but on the shores of the Mediterranean. Apparently, the very highest degree of the endowment of any faculty is that which leads the possessor to its unprompted exercise, as when a boy attempts to draw, and draws well, who never saw or heard of limning. Of this nature is the case of those who have an inherent tendency to civilisation. But there are many who would never think on their own part of drawing, who, nevertheless, if tempted to take lessons, and induced to give attention, would become tolerable draughtsmen. So also are there many nations which, though not spontaneously disposed to civilisation, are susceptible of being civilised when the proper agency is brought to bear upon them. And it is very interesting to observe from history what a tendency the higher races have always shown to be the cultivators or educators of the inferior. It would almost appear as if there were providential arrangements in human nature to bring about this object. Higher races are generally restless, ambitious, and fruitful. Obeying the impulse of their nature to conquest, or simply breaking over their bounds in search of new fields of settlement, they tend to go in upon other nations, whom they perhaps injure and oppress for a time, but generally, in the long run, improve. The colonies of the Greeks, the conquests of the Romans, the overflow of the northern nations upon the Roman empire, the extension of the British race and power over Northern America, India, and many other parts of the earth, are instances of this disposition of superiorly endowed nations, while all the secondary races remain for ages

in defined bounds, and generally much isolated. The invasive system, when unregulated by just and humane views, is to be lamented; but we must not rashly and sweepingly condemn what has been so conspicuous a feature of human conduct from the beginning.

Superior natures, with all their acquired ideas and systems, being, by whatever means, brought in contact with inferior, the latter are put, as it were, under a compulsion to improve. The law of improvement by external agency takes effect upon them, and usually a few generations see wonderful changes brought about. The Celtic Britons under the Romans, the Hindoos under the British of the present day, are examples. This is precisely the same phenomenon as the improvement which the great men of a nation work upon itself. In both cases, it is the highly endowed few acting beneficially upon the inferior many. Improvement in both instances goes on under certain remarkable conditions, which are well worthy of a particular notice. Here we are glad to look for illustration to the familiar phenomena of nature.

It has been fully ascertained that, even amongst the lower animals, an effect produced by external agency in the mental character of one generation, tends to reappear in the next as an inherent condition. This is conspicuously the case in those horses and dogs which have fallen particularly under human care. The act of the pointer, a result of training in past generations, is natural to a puppy of the tribe which never saw game. The amble of the American horse, the peculiar leap of the Irish, the docility to speech and not to the bridle shown by the hardy courser of Norway—all reappear in foals of the respective tribes which have been brought up in England.* Such facts can only be accounted for by supposing that the training or education works a certain organic change in the animal, for how otherwise could it be transmitted? Either the former material of the nervous system must be in some way modified, or new material must be added; and this new condition, whatever it is, becomes represented in the new generation. A change thus once set a-going must increase, for every new generation will start with not only the inherent character of the preceding, but all the benefit which that has derived from external agency. Such is the process which we recognise as the taming, as well as that which we call the training, of animals. Tameness in an animal originally wild, as, for instance, the common cow, may be regarded as simply the result of an exposure of the race during many generations to influences which evoked the gentler and stilled the fiercer feelings of the animal's nature. The tissues on which the fiercer feelings depended would, in obedience to the universal organic law, decline, while those on which the milder feelings depended would gain in volume and in strength. Hence, the milk-cow of our dairies must be organically a considerably different creature from her cousin who yet roams wild in Chillingham Park or amidst the woods of Cadzow.

As far as the mental constitution of the human race depends on the nervous system, the process of civilisation is precisely an analogous, though generally a more strongly developed, phenomenon. In the early stages of a society, the muscular and the more animal parts of the mental system are predominant, as we see in savages at this day. Intellectual and moral influences being brought into operation, those parts of the system are in some small degree less exercised, and consequently lose in volume and energy. The formative nutrition, diverted therefrom, goes to the intellectual and moral tissues, which it in some small degree increases. The next generation starts with this improvement, and experiences during its existence further benefit from the continued external agency. Thus, in the course of a number of generations, a change sufficiently considerable to be entitled to the term *civilisation* is effected. It is hardly necessary to remark, that this law is not definite in its operation, and that there is only a tendency upon the whole to such improvement in the sum of instances. We are more called upon to observe, that civilisations thus originating and going on are liable to be absorbed, overpowered, and deranged by various causes. A strong civilisation, coming in upon a weak, absorbs it. An isolated civilisation may be swamped by the irresistible brute force of a surrounding barbarism. Other external agencies, as, for instance, false maxims in the superior race, may derange the process. On all hands, throughout history, we see civilisations undergoing the most strangely varied fates. It is also very clear that some are wanting in certain of the elements that go to compose a great nation. There may be fineness of intellect without strength; delicacy without moral energy; industry without the power of self-defence. In all of these cases, there will be a tendency to break down and relapse into an inferior condition. Much must depend on whether the civilisation is produced by elements within the race itself, as the Germanic seems to have been—the highest and best we have yet known—and, in the case of a foreign element being the cause, what proportion the superior bears to the inferior race, and how far their various native qualities tend in union or fusion to form a good type; also how far they naturally tend to fusion. It was natural for the Normans and Saxons of the British isle to become fused in three centuries, for they were not very diverse; but in Ireland we have seen six centuries do scarcely any thing to bring the more discrepant elements of Saxon and Celt together. In some cases of extreme diversity, as in that of the African Negroes placed amongst the Anglo-Americans, we can contemplate no end to the natural antagonism; and civilisation will be of course in such cases retarded, or the one race will shrink and die out under the unfavourable effect of contact with the other.

History completely corresponds with physiology in its illustrations of this subject. The Greeks were a mixture of the Pelasgic and Hellenic races, the latter being not improbably of Gothic origin. Rome was first peopled by a collection of different races, and as it advanced, took in large infusions of new elements. The present English are composed of Celts, Romans, Saxons, and Normans. When the ingredients are not too unequal in character or numbers, assimilation goes on, and one good national type results. In the words of a predecessor in this walk of inquiry, "the national elements gravitate from the circumference to the centre—from diversity to one common character. And the inferior races being forced to decline and die away, in the same proportion as the stronger increase and multiply in numbers, a more equal degree of intellectual energy and a more equal physical type are thus attained, in the course of time, by the nation at large. Its civilisation is then completed to the full extent which the original powers of its races admitted, and its corresponding nervous system has arrived at its acme of development."*

It thus appears that man, in certain favourable circumstances, may arrive at what seems to be a comparatively advanced stage. The improvability, so to call it, is not strictly definite; yet we must conclude, from all analogy, that it has bounds, and that the present being must ever remain upon the whole the irregular impulsive creature which he has been.

We conclude these speculations with an expression of sincere regret that, being in some measure new and unexpected, our bounds do not allow us to support them by so large an amount of evidence as might be considered necessary. Researches into history by the light of science is a thing of yesterday, and as yet little has been done for it. But we entertain no doubt that physiology alone could throw more light upon the origin and progress of nations, within the bounds of one small volume, than could be done by a whole library of political history, or the united labours of a score of archaiological societies.

* See the paper "Educability of Animals," Journal, No. 533.

* See "Changes Produced in the Nervous System by Civilisation." By Robert Verity, M.D. London: Highley. 1839.

THE GOVERNESS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART SECOND.

EMILY DAWSON had been nearly four months in her situation; during that time Mr Byfield came and went, at Mr Hylier's, as usual; if he met his protegée on the stairs, he turned his head another way; he never asked a question about her, nor seemed to take the least interest in her proceedings; once or twice Mrs Hylier (who prided herself on her diplomacy) said something leading to the subject, but Mr Byfield silenced her in a way peculiarly his own.

"Why does Mr Byfield turn away from you, Miss Dawson?" inquired little Elizabeth Hylier. (Children are acute observers.) "He used to stop us on the stairs, and call us juvenile jades; now he looks so—and goes on. Have you been a naughty girl, dear Miss Dawson?"

"I hope not, Elizabeth," said the governess.

"I am sure not," added Caroline, the elder of the two; "I don't think you were ever naughty. When you were a little girl, you were always too steady—too serious—and"—— The young lady paused, and looked earnestly in her governess's face.

"Well, my dear, go on," said Miss Dawson, in her gentle voice.

"I would rather not say what I intended, for fear you would not like it," answered the girl; "and yet I should wish to say it."

"Then do, Caroline."

"I meant, too sad to be naughty, or like other girls."

"I was not always sad, my dear; though, I perceive, I must not let you see that I am so, even at times. If you say your lessons as well, and are as attentive as you have been this morning, I shall be much happier." Caroline Hylier flung her arms round Miss Dawson's neck, and kissed her, declaring that since such was the case, she would certainly do her best to improve; and while she was speaking, Mrs Hylier entered the schoolroom—a cloud of the deepest displeasure overshadowed her pretty face.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "Miss Dawson says that if we are good, she will be so much happier."

"I should have thought," observed the jealous mother, "that *my* being happier was of more consequence; is it not, Miss Dawson?"

"Certainly, ma'am," she replied.

"I *do* wish, Miss Dawson, you would not answer me in that peculiarly sad voice; and that everlasting mourning you wear—it makes me heart-broken to look at it."

"It nearly broke mine," said the poor girl, "to put it on."

"Well, there is no occasion to be sharp about it. I thought when you received your first quarter's salary, you would have changed it. Caroline, take your hand out of Miss Dawson's; I hate to see that sort of familiarity. Since you have both been so good, suppose you come and drive with me in the park."

"Oh, thank you, dear mamma!" exclaimed both the children, in the same delighted tone of voice, and rejoiced to see her temper changed.

"Thank you, that will be a treat; and, mamma," added Caroline, "may Miss Dawson come also?"

"Miss Dawson has had her drive this week already," said Mrs Hylier, walking out of the room with renewed ill temper

"Let Elizabeth go, and I will stay with you," whispered the affectionate though spoiled child to Miss Dawson.

"No, indeed," she replied—"no, indeed; it was very kind of your mamma to ask you, and you will offend her if you do not go. I have a letter to write, and that will employ me until you return."

"Ah, you say that to make us go!" said Elizabeth.

"For shame, Lizzy! you know we never found Miss Dawson out in the very least little white fib in the world," observed Caroline.

"But that would not be a fib, would it, sister?—because mamma often says those kind of things to papa, to get him to do what she wants."

"You are too young, my dear Lizzy, to be able to judge of any one's motives," said Miss Dawson; "and in this instance must be mistaken. So now, dears, go, and do not keep mamma waiting."

Some persons, who had seen Miss Dawson by chance at Mrs Hylier's, although she was "only a governess," had been heard to observe that she was very pretty. Had she not been a governess, she could not have been looked at without being admired—not for actual beauty, but for the sweet gentleness of her countenance, the purity of her complexion, the open, truthful outlooking of her fine eyes, and the ease and grace of her movements. The deep mourning, which had excited Mrs Hylier's displeasure, made her an object of touching interest to all who had any feeling; it harmonised with the sad expression of her face; and two or three ladies, in open defiance of Mrs Hylier's well-known jealousy of disposition, had said, "how glad they would be if Miss Dawson would visit *their* young people"—invitations which she thankfully declined. When she was left alone—that luxury which her class so seldom enjoy—she opened her desk, and, after glancing over some letters, fixed her eyes upon a miniature which she had taken from a secret drawer. She looked at it long and steadily, until her eyes overflowed, and tear after tear, large round drops, coursed each other down her anguished face. She then wiped the salt moisture from its surface, looked again at the picture, pressed it convulsively within her clasped palms, and laying her head upon them, sobbed as if her heart was breaking. While sobbing, she slid from her seat upon her knees; her emotion gradually subsided. She prayed, rose, kissed the cherished picture, and murmuring, as she closed the case, "Mother—*my* mother!" replaced it in her desk. Strange as it may seem, after this agitation she became at once composed—it had done her good—the petty insults which, cherished child as she had been for so many years, she felt it hard to endure, had passed away with the deluge of tears that welled up from her young heart. She wondered how they could have grieved her—how she could have felt them—when the superior bitterness of her mother's loss came again upon her. Small sorrows place us below the world—a great sorrow above it; and she continued a letter, written at intervals, with a quieter and firmer mind than she had felt for some days. The letter was to a young lady, the sister of the curate who had attended her mother's deathbed: a portion of it ran thus:—"You ask me if I am happy: I ought to be happier than I am. My two pupils are kind, affectionate girls; and, though somewhat idle, and very ignorant, if I am permitted to manage them as I desire, I have no doubt they will improve—not rapidly, but certainly. I never could manage a child until I obtained its affections—and the affections of the young are generally ductile; but Mrs Hylier is weak enough to be jealous of the little love the children bear me. She does not understand that it is the only means I have of working out her, or what ought to be her, intention; but the truth is, that all she really desires them to know are a few showy accomplishments. She came home in an ecstacy of delight the other evening with a girl who repeated some long Italian poem—of which she could not even remember the name, much less understand the meaning—in a room crowded with company. 'The girl,' she said, 'had so much self-possession, and her action was so graceful.' With the same breath she declaimed against a woman's appearing on the stage. I ventured to observe, that the child who, at twelve years of age, would have sufficient confidence to *repeat* and *act* a poem in a crowded drawing-room, would be very likely to desire to exhibit before a larger audience as she grew older; but she could not perceive the analogy, and thought, indeed *said*, I was impertinent for making it. Is it not a cause of great regret that I have never yet found a mother who would act in concert with me? I submit quietly to be treated with indifference by the lady and gentleman, who, when I am in the room, speak and act exactly as if they were alone, except when

secrets are to be talked, when they begin to whisper, and then, of course, I leave the apartment. I find, when with my pupils, a deep, and happily an absorbing interest, in their improvement; but, when that excitement is over, I droop again; for I am considered an intruder when lessons are over, and an automaton while they are in progress. Shall I ever again hear the voice of encouragement, which makes the heart bound to its duties—*shall I ever be praised any more?* Oh, do not think, because I say this, that I yearn after flattery; I do not; but if the parent knew how kind considerate words increase the desire to bring the children forward—a smile—a gentle word—a simple 'you have done well,' would make the labour, the weary labour, of thankless teaching a pleasure. Mrs Hylier seldom finds fault; but she never utters a sound of commendation. And yet, why do I complain? You know that, for three years before my mother was taken from me, I toiled through the streets of that distant town, in the grey mists of the winter's mornings, as well as in the light of the summer's sun, teaching music here and drawing there—all the accomplishments in one place, and 'the sciences' in another; and as I had no protector—a creature to be insulted by those whose manly garb was certainly no index to a manly mind—I was dismissed from one house because the lady thought me too pretty to come in the way of her son; from another, because I did not wear caps, and looked too young without them; from another, because I would not lunch with the lady's maid; and yet I bore all this, and more, as you know, cheerfully, because from six in the evening until eight the next morning, I had the sheltering bosom of my mother. The abilities she had fostered were the means of supporting her at the last. In those two small cottage rooms *I had a home;* there was *her* smile, *her* voice, *her* counsel, and *her* prayer. I was some one's first object. She loved me; the tenderness of her whole life was poured into my heart, under every trial which a fatherless girl must endure, who has to grope her way through the world's darkness. Oh, my mother! my mother!—but tears will blot the page when I write of her! When I think of her, I feel suffocated; and I have no right to repine; only thus much—even a little kindness would make me work so cheerfully. With the education, and tastes, and feelings of a gentlewoman, it is hard to be treated as if I had neither education, nor taste, nor feeling. The lady's maid is a confidant; the housekeeper a mistress; the housemaid has half the day to herself; the governess——But this is idle; my mother would reprove me for it; she would tell me to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me, and leave the rest to Him. You know how she was deserted by her father in consequence of her marriage; and, according to her desire, her death was mentioned exactly as she wished. She thought that if her father saw it, he would seek out his grandchild. Perhaps he is dead!—at least, no notice has been taken of me; and if it had not been for the chance which threw me in the way of that strange old man, Mr Byfield, I might have been left upon the world without any occupation. He is certainly a very odd old man; he evinced a great degree of interest in me at first, but since he placed me here, has never spoken to me but once. I had been walking the other morning in the park for more than two hours with the children, and being tired, sat down upon one of the benches, while my children walked up and down with their cousin, as their mother wishes, and under the care of Mrs Gresham's French governess; he came so suddenly, that he quite took me by surprise. 'Are you growing lazy?' he inquired. I answered, No; but that I was not very well. 'And have you not found out,' he continued, 'that a governess has no right to be ill?' I answered, 'I knew that; and so was ill but seldom.' 'Do you jest with me?' he said, sternly. 'No, sir,' I replied; 'I speak the truth. If I were independent, I would yield most likely to a pain in my side, or, when my cough keeps me awake all night, send for a doctor. The world believes in the sickness that is heard of, rather than the sickness that must be examined into. No one sees my illness, so I am ill but seldom.' And then he looked so penetratingly into my face, and asked me how I had learned to reason? and I had it on my lip to answer, that I learned to reason by endeavouring to cease to feel, but thought the reply would seem pert from youth to age, so smiled, and held my peace; and when I smiled, he sighed so bitterly, and walked away, and then looked back, and returned and sat down by my side; then gazing in my face, he asked me if I had ever told a lie. And I said truly, in the sight of God, I believed I never had since I knew wrong from right. And then he answered, that I looked like truth, as all women did when they lied most. It was unwise, I know; but I had done nothing to deserve such an insult, and I told him so, without further parley, but as gently as I could, thanking him for the kindness he had shown to one who had no friend but God. Will you believe that he seemed no more moved by what I uttered in any one way, than if I had been dumb; only, when I had finished speaking, I could not repress the tears that would come—poor cowardly tears—I hate them so—those waters of a troubled heart; and then, shaking his head, he said——But I hear the voice of Mrs Gresham's French governess, so must say adieu for the present. If constant occupation did not increase my weakness, I daresay my spirits would revive; for I have a better lot than many. There is a poor teacher at Mrs Stonewell's school, and Ma'amselle Mercier tells me she has but fifteen pounds a-year, and remains at school all the vacations, to mend up the house linen. Adieu."

"Ah! there you are!" exclaimed the light breezy voice of Mademoiselle Mercier, as she ran up and kissed Emily Dawson on both cheeks. "Ah! mamie, why you not go a valk in the Parks? Ah! you English ladies are given to the mopes; and ven you have five moments to yourselves, instead of enjoy all, you make sorrow more sorrowful by thinking over him! Toujours gai! I have seen my maman this morning—she come from Paris to be bonne in Lady Craig's family, after educating Lady Craig. She has brought me such a charming parasol; she loves me so moche, my dear mothere! Ah! my dear, I beg your pardon, I forget; I did not mean to call your tears, chere Emily. I am thoughtless girl; and my mothere make me full of joy. Now, do not cry; bah!—there! I tell you, if you dry up your nice blue English eyes, I vill go and fetch my new parasol, and ve vill valk togethere in Kensington Garden for half hour. Madame Hylier, she say to Madame Gresham, they go three hours drive, and they are not gone two hours yet. Do come. Madame Gresham likes me to be vith you, you are so steady. All the company is in the garden by this time—and ve see such nice ladie and gentleman, almost like Longchamps."

Miss Dawson begged to be excused; she would rather stay at home; she had much to do; was not well; and urged a thousand reasons, but without effect. "As you please, my dear," said the now pouting French girl; "but it is unkind of you. Madame Gresham vill not let me go vith any other lady, and I nevere get a valk. Dat cher littel boy is such a plague ven ve go out—and he is avay. Now, do come; it is cruel of you for fancy to prevent me!" Emily did not continue to refuse, for she could not bear to be unkind; and drawing a thick crape veil over her face, she prepared to accompany the volatile but kind-hearted Frenchwoman. They were a national contrast those two girls;—the staid, quiet, graceful deportment of Emily Dawson, and the vivid, tripping, carefully careless *demarche* of Colette Mercier—the deep mourning of the English girl, and the tulip-like appearance of the French, in whose dress, though there were divers colours, there was perfect harmony. "You look pale and tired already, mamie," she said to Emily; "and we must not sit down in the gardens, I am told. But it would be most pleasant, those charming, lovely ladies, and handsome gentlemen, if they only vould look happy; but they do not—they look solemn, and valk dead marche in Saul; and yet, though I am but poor governess, I am happier than they. There, now, is an English governess vith her pupils—how sad she look, poor girl! I vill tell you, Emily, vat my mothere tell me ven first I come to Englan'. 'Ma chere,' she say to me in confidance, 'do your duty as moche as you can, *vithout killing yourself.* Some families vill be *very kind* and goot to you; and out of seven that I taught in myself, one is good to me now, that is Lady Craig; but the rest forget the care and teachings. If you meet gratitude—which all who teach deserve from all who learn—turn up your eyes and bless God, but *do not expect it.* I know what young teachers think ven pains have been taken vith them, as I take vith you; they go to a situation full of the importance of their *duties.* Bah! till motheres treat governesses like gentlewomen, and feel that the very best part of what an honest teacher gives her pupils—the thoughts of her head and the feelings of her heart—cannot be paid for, though the machinery of teaching may, there can be no reciprocity of interest between them.'"

This Colette uttered rapidly, with her strong and peculiar accent, for her French had a flavouring of patois, of which even her English partook; and she laughed lightly when her speech was ended. "That," answered Miss Dawson, "is an easy theory, but a bad practice. No matter how you are treated, your duty remains the same; it cannot be performed with the same pleasure, but *it is the same!*"

"Vell, my dear, so let it be; torment the flesh off your bones—plague yourself to death—fag, fag—and see! At the last you vill have no more thanks for *your* heavy toil than I shall have for my light labour. Bah! half the people do not know the difference between a good and bad governess. My mothere, she say, how should they, until they are better educated themselves? Now, there, you act what you call conscientiously; you are thin, like a poor rush, and sigh when alone. I take it lightly; I do not trouble myself; I am fat, and laugh to myself. If you wear yourself to the bone, what do you satisfy?"

"My own conscience," replied Emily.

"Ah, vell, if you go on satisfying your sort of conscience, you vill soon have a bell ring over your grave," replied the French girl. "Ah!" she added, looking under her companion's bonnet—for they had been walking rather rapidly, and Emily was obliged to throw up her veil for air—"you smile at that; it is not smiling matter to die, and be put in the cold ground ven one is young, and the earth one great garden." Emily made no reply. "After all," resumed Colette, "I do not see so pretty parasol as mine vith any lady."

"It is very pretty, certainly," said Miss Dawson; "but I think it quite time to return home." She was urged to this remark by the stare of a couple of gentlemen, who, certainly not unobserved by Colette, had followed them for the last few minutes, and, despite their rapid footsteps, managed to escort them, as soldiers do their prisoners, to their own door—Emily maintaining a dignified silence, and Colette divided between her national love for adventure and a certain womanly disdain of insulting impertinence, which together—one feeling acting one moment and another the next—prompted her to give vent to one or two clever sarcasms, which provoked and amused their tormentors.

Mrs Hylier and Mrs Gresham were at the breakfast-room door as they entered, evidently watching their return.

"I did not know you were going out, Miss Dawson," said Mrs Hylier, sternly.

"As the young ladies were with you, I thought I might accompany Ma'amselle," she answered.

"I do not approve of my governess walking with gentlemen," continued the lady, apparently unconscious that Miss Dawson had replied.

"Vat gentlemans?" exclaimed Miss Mercier, with an air of pretty astonishment.

"You know best, miss; but as you are not in my employment, I have nothing to say to you; I can only desire *my governess* not to do it again," persisted Mrs Hylier. "And I should like to know who the gentlemen were."

"And so should I, indeed, ma'am," said Miss Dawson, "most earnestly, though it would be to little purpose—for who would revenge an insult offered to me?"

"Oh! you should tell your patron saint, Mr Byfield," returned the lady, with an insulting laugh and a sneer, as she entered the breakfast-room with Mrs Gresham, and slapped the door in the face of the two girls.

While Colette muttered to herself in French, Miss Dawson turned slowly round to go up stairs, and saw the housemaid draw back her head from over the bannisters, while the footman did not think it necessary to conceal that he had heard the "blowing up," as *he* elegantly termed it, which his mistress gave "our governess."

Mrs Hylier threw herself into a chair, and, looking at Mrs Gresham, exclaimed, "Well, and what do you mean to do?"

"Why, nothing, sister; surely the poor girls cannot help it if impertinent men will follow them home."

"I know very well that French girl you have is good for nothing, and you have suffered her to encroach too much."

"I really cannot tell, sister," said the tranquil Mrs Gresham; "I had an excellent character with her, and though Mrs Ryal did say her accent is bad, I don't think she is a good judge; and one may go on changing for ever, just as she does, since that underbred daily governess of hers ran off with her own father's shopman. She has tried half-a-dozen; but, as Mr Gresham says, she gives her servants better wages than her teachers, and what can she expect?"

Again the ladies were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs Ryal, just as they had been when about to advertise.

"I felt it *my* duty, Mrs Hylier," she commenced, after the usual nothings of a morning visit had been exchanged—"I felt it a positive duty to tell you that all the people of Kensington are talking about you."

"I am glad they are so well employed," retorted Mrs Hylier, with a provoking smile.

"Then you are easily satisfied, my dear; but rather, I should have said, they are talking about your governess, and your amazing gullibility. Indeed, they are hinting that Mr Hylier must have some particular reason for suffering such an inmate. Why—do—you—know—who—you—have—got—in—your—house?" These last words were pronounced with peculiar emphasis, and divided exactly as they are printed, the lady advancing her face close to Mrs Hylier's, and opening her eyelids so as to make her round eyes seem half as large again as they really were.

"Ye—s," stammered Mrs Hylier; "a go—verness."

"A—nonsense, my dear; she is not a bit better than she should be."

"Few of us are," said the meek Mrs Gresham, who, somehow or other—perhaps through the influence of a sensible husband, whom she was fortunate enough to love very much—was beginning to think occasionally, and to compare, which is the result of thought.

Mrs Ryal looked daggers at her for a moment, and then continued—"That old Byfield is a wretch."

"I always thought so," answered Mrs Hylier, not willing to be outdone in suspicion; "I always thought she was his daughter."

"His daughter! that would be milk-white innocence to the fact—she is much worse."

"Impossible!" said Mrs Gresham.

"He could not be so bad as that," observed Mrs Hylier.

"All men are bad," pronounced the decided Mrs Ryal; "all men are bad, as I tell my husband; but some are worse than others."

"You are mistaken—misinformed, I should have said," quoth the perplexed Mrs Hylier; "he has never taken the smallest notice of her since she has been here—never asked why she was not in the drawing-room. I even one day, thinking to put him in good humour, showed him a tulip she had worked in that everlasting tapestry of mine."

"Well, and what did he say?"

"Why, he called it—'Rubbish.'"

"Sheer art," said Mrs Ryal.

"I cannot believe he would put a person of bad character over my children," urged Mrs Hylier.

"Stuff!" exclaimed Mrs Ryal.

"And the object?"

"Ah! that rests in the secret recesses of the man's own wicked heart," said Mrs Ryal, with due emphasis; and then added, "To get at their motives is hard for us poor women; but the only way to get even at their acts, is by putting that and that together." This was said with an air of peculiar sagacity. "Now, let Mrs Gresham ask her popinjay of a governess, if, the other day in the park, Miss Dawson did not complain of being tired—now only fancy a governess, whose duty it is, *her positive duty*, to walk as long with her pupils as it is necessary they should walk—only fancy her being tired!—ah! ah! there is a *ruse* in the very excuse—if she did not sit down on a seat, and if Mr Byfield, who seems so strange and unconcerned about her here, did not come up, and not only sit down by her side, but take her hand; and then she sulked, and he went away, and came back again, and kept her hand in his, and there they sat like two lovers, in Hyde Park. It is really scandalous to repeat, and makes my cheeks all over in a glow. And to-day, my Mary was in Kensington Gardens—Mary, my own maid—and she saw your two governesses, ladies, flirting and

philandering about; and then, who should she also observe, watching the English girl's every movement, but old Byfield. Well, two dandified gentlemen came up, attracted, Mary says, by the lightness of their manner, and followed them home; but not unobserved; for the old gentleman, his face purple with jealousy"——

"Or the March wind," suggested Mrs Gresham.

"Kept at the other side of the way," continued Mrs Ryal, with a look of contempt at Mrs Gresham. "But that is not all. This morning I sent Mary with a letter to the post, and she overtook Mr Byfield's man, who was talking at the corner of Salter's to one of the butchers. 'Are you going to the post-office?' he said. 'Then will you put my master's letter in for me?' And so she took the letters—she is very obliging—and who should it be directed to but Miss Dawson!" Mrs Hylier rang the bell, and inquired of the servant if the governess had received a letter. The man said the three o'clock post had brought her one while she was out; that he believed it had not yet been taken to the school-room; as it was not in his department, could not exactly tell—would inquire—went down, and returned with the letter: it had been left on the kitchen dresser. The lady found no fault with the servant's unpardonable inattention; and when he had left the room, all declared it certainly was Mr Byfield's handwriting.

"Will you break the seal?" inquired Mrs Ryal, eyeing the letter longingly.

"Certainly not," answered Mrs Hylier.

"Ah!" said Mrs Ryal, with a sigh, "Mary says true enough, secrets *are* secrets since the packet envelopes came in; then have her down, and see how she will look when she opens it." Mrs Hylier's hand was on the bell, when Mrs Gresham interposed.

"Sister," she said, "it occurs to me that we may all be in error; and if so, how will you forgive yourself for wounding the feelings of a poor girl?"

"Feelings, indeed!" sneered Mrs Ryal; "why, I vow she has bewitched you as well as the men; can any thing be more evident?—at least, if she is innocent, give her an opportunity of clearing herself."

The bell was rung; and the governess, still smarting under the lash of the previous insult, was sent for.

The servant returned with an apology—would Mrs Hylier be so good as to excuse her for a few moments; the servant added, that Miss Dawson was crying.

"How I have sustained my spirits since she came into the house is extraordinary," observed Mrs Hylier, smelling her vinaigrette—"she is always sad."

"She has good reason, you may depend on it," said Mrs Ryal, significantly.

"I think so too," added Mrs Gresham, quietly.

"Really, sister," said Mrs Hylier, "to hear you talk of late, one would think I was a savage. I am sure it is quite enough to be plagued with great growing-up daughters, without those governesses; and if I mention school, Mr Hylier begins about morals. I wish you had had Miss Dawson, with all my heart."

"My French girl does pretty well; but Mr Gresham says she acts from habit, not principle; and that—but hush"—— Emily Dawson entered the room, while the traces of tears were yet fresh upon her fair young face; the earnest desire she had ever felt to perform her duty in the highest and most important vocation which a woman can be called upon to fulfil, had not only given an elevation to her countenance and manner, but an expression to her features which never accompanies a small or sordid mind; and whatever Mrs Hylier chose to say when she was not present, the superiority of mind was so manifest in the manner of the young governess, that, despite the presence of Mrs Ryal, she desired her to be seated, in a tone which signified a request. Then came the question, Had she met Mr Byfield in the Park—sat and conversed with him. To this she frankly answered "Yes," and seemed perfectly unconscious of the occasion of the smile and sneer that passed between Mrs Hylier and Mrs Ryal. She professed herself quite unable to account either for the countenance Mr Byfield had shown her at first, or his subsequent inequality of conduct. "He had," she said, "apparently befriended her for the very reason which made the world shun her—because she was friendless and poor." Then Mrs Hylier placed the letter in her hand, and with what Mrs Ryal afterwards termed "unpardonable effrontery," she opened it, and as she read, her countenance became radiant with pleasure.

"Well!" exclaimed the two ladies, actuated by the same impulse—"Well, have you any objection to our seeing that letter?"

"I cannot show it to Mrs Hylier," she replied, with perfect frankness, "because Mr Byfield desires me not to do so."

"Was ever such hardened impudence!" muttered Mrs Ryal.

"It is very kind—very—I am sure," continued Emily, reperusing the letter, and too much absorbed with and delighted by its contents to hear the remark Mrs Ryal made. "It is too—too much!"

"What is?" said Mrs Gresham.

"To take a lodging for me at Hampstead, where I am to remain for several months, until I get stronger and better—and all at his own expense. I remember when I would have been too proud to accept such a favour, thinking I could earn all I required; but of late I have been so weak—so"—— She looked from the gentle face of Mrs Gresham to the other ladies, and, astonished at the expression of displeasure and scorn on their countenances, she paused, and did not utter another word.

"I think, then, the sooner you leave my house the better," said Mrs Hylier—"the sooner the better. Oh, what will Mr Hylier say!"

"What have I done?" exclaimed Miss Dawson.

"Oh, what a world it is—to see such a face as that masking so much vice!" ejaculated Mrs Ryal.

"Are you aware what will be said if you place yourself under Mr Byfield's protection in this way?" inquired Mrs Gresham, still kindly.

"Let her go, by all means—there, you may go—and the sooner out of the house the better! Oh! to think of my having such a person as that to take care of my innocent children!" and Mrs Hylier, overpowered by a sudden fit of maternal love, fell into strong hysterics—tears are too weak testimonies of grief for ladies of feeling.

Emily walked up stairs, the open letter in her hand. Miss Mercier was still in the school-room.

"Ma'amselle," said Miss Dawson, "Mr Byfield has written to me that, knowing I am overworked and ill, he has taken for me a country lodging for a few months. You know who he is, and all about him?"

"And surely you are not going to accept that!" replied the French girl; "if you do, you lose character at once. No one evere do such a naughty thing as that; he must be bad man. Do, pray, send it back; young men sometimes make love for love, but old men always for vickedness; bah!"

Of all the difficult things in the world, it is the most difficult for people of the world to comprehend the unselfishness of the good.

"I don't know how it is," persisted Ma'amselle; "you are in life nearly as long as I am, and yet you don't know half so moche. Depend upon it, the old man is a bad man. If you go into the lodging he take, you nevere come out with a good charactere. Take my advice—I know more than you."

"Good-bye, Ma'amselle," said Emily; "thank you for your frankness. God bless you; leave me by myself to think a little."

When Emily was alone, she read the letter over again. The unaccountable interest Mr Byfield had taken in her as a stranger, did not seem so strange as the carelessness he had evinced towards her for so long a time. Emily Dawson's own pure mind could hardly conceive the possibility of what she had heard from Mrs Hylier and Mrs Ryal; but she had often been astonished at the acuteness of the Frenchwoman's perceptions. Could such baseness be possible? Her whole nature seemed changed in a moment; she trembled convulsively, fearing she knew not what; and, from suspecting nothing, she suspected every thing. Why should Mr Byfield forbid her mentioning the subject of his letter to Mrs Hylier?—why? But her brain whirled—she could not think. The housemaid entered the room; she was a kind girl, and in tears.

"Please, miss, my mistress says you're to go to-night," she said.

"Where?" inquired the governess, in a tone of such utter helplessness that it touched the poor thing to the heart.

"I'm sure I don't know, miss. She said you could be at no loss for a home; and here's the month's salary and month's warning money."

"Not to Mr Byfield," she thought; "I must not go there; they all say that; and yet this woman turns me out to the very vice she would have me shun. God help me—I am quite, quite alone!"

"Master will be in a fine way, *that I* know, when he comes home," continued the girl, good-naturedly busying herself packing up Miss Dawson's wardrobe. "I'm sure I hope you ain't going to Mr Byfield's; though I'm sure there's no harm, yet I hope you're not, miss. If you wouldn't be above it, my mother has a little pretty house at Chelsea, and you might be there till you could turn yourself about—safe, as one may say; and if so be you wish it, I'd be on my honour and my oath not to tell—not the old gentleman, or any one else."

"Any where, Mary—any where," said the governess, listlessly; "any where, away from all I have seen in this house."

Elizabeth, the youngest of her pupils, rushed into the room, and flinging her arms round her neck, sobbed—

"You shall not go, dear Miss Dawson—you *shall* not go. Mamma said I was not to come near you, you were so wicked; but I said I would."

"Your mamma miatakes," answered the governess, not even in the anguish of that hour forgetting how necessary it is to make the parent appear right always, at least in intention, in the eyes of the child. "She mistakes, dearest Elizabeth; she will not always think so; but you must not cling round me. God bless you, my dear child; you did wrong to come when mamma said you were not to do so. God bless you—be good, be truthful, and obedient; God bless you!" and with a gentle force she obliged the weeping child to leave the room.

A short time completed her preparations, or rather the preparations which Mary made for her. It is pleasant and cheering, and one of the brightest pages in the great book of human nature, to see the kindness which the poor bestow upon those who are in trouble. The evidence of the existence of this benevolent feeling is far more frequent than people imagine. It does not descend in showers of coin, but in words of kindness; and is as pure as the dew which an all-wise nature distils into the cups of drooping flowers.

"Let me tie your bonnet, miss, and pin your shawl. Lawk, how *numb* your hands are! Then, you'll go to my mother's, I think you said, miss, and no one shall know; she'll treat you as it becomes *her like* to treat a lady, rich or poor. The cab is ready. Now, keep a good heart, Miss Dawson; God is above us all. I'll open the door myself," she continued; "and the trunk is in; and keep up, miss—lies are found out sooner or later. Why," she exclaimed, seeing that Emily paused opposite the drawing-room, "surely you are not going to be more insulted? You might as well talk to a stone wall as to my missus."

Emily nevertheless entered the apartment, where Mrs Hylier was alone, pondering over, in no pleasant mood, the occurrences of the past hours—thinking how she had acted in decided opposition to her husband's desire, who willed it that Mr Byfield was never to be contradicted, at least in his house; and though she was half-convinced of Emily's unworthiness, she knew how hard it would be to convince him. The pale shrouded girl walked silently up to where Mrs Hylier was seated. "I come," she said, "to bid you remember what I say—that you will (heartless as you are) shed tears before long for the injustice and insult you have heaped upon the head of a houseless, homeless orphan. You have done me cruel wrong by your suspicion, and you send me forth to make the suspicion real; but the God who is above all will save me yet!"

She spoke these few words in the tone of a breaking heart, and without further words she quitted the house. During the short time of her residence there, she had conferred more lasting service upon Mrs Hylier's children than they had ever received before—she had sown healthful and truthful seed. Not content with the teaching by lessons, she had hallowed every tree, and leaf, and blade of grass, with a history. She placed a few brilliant and beautiful shells in their way, and then, without dull or dry detail, she interested them in the desire for knowledge as to where they came from and to what class they belonged. The music lesson was made of historic value by the record, if the task had been attended to, of its author, and an anecdote that bore upon its composition. The analysation of a flower became a botanical lesson, without its pedantry; and every thing she had touched upon in science and art—two words which her pupils had imbibed a hatred for, from lengthy catechisms and dry details—were illuminated at once by her simple and happy method of conveying instruction. A new existence dawned upon their minds: they understood *why* their hoop rolled, and *why* it came to the ground; they understood why morning followed night, and why the heat was at noon the most intense. They had learned more *orally* than they had ever learned from books. Poor Emily knew this; and as her arm encircled her trunk, and her hot fevered breath hung upon the closed windows of the rattling cab, which was taking her she knew not where, the words of the French teacher rang in her ears—"Torment the flesh off your bones—plague yourself to death—fag, fag—and see! At the last, you will have no more thanks for your heavy toil than I shall have for my light labour." "Still," she murmured, "I have done my duty."

"Please, ma'am," said the man to an elderly woman who opened the door of a small house, "here's a lady, like, your daughter in Kensington has sent you, as a lodger; and you are to be particular kind to her, and she'll try and run down to-morrow night, between lights. The fare is paid, miss—the young woman paid it. She said she knew you hadn't changed your cheque."

Mary's mother did not look as good-natured as Mary herself. But Emily was so bowed down by circumstances as hardly to observe the difference.

"Well," observed the woman to her youngest daughter—"well, I never saw any one so careless about accommodation. Why, she said the back would do as well as the front room, though I told her she might have either at the same rent; and if I had not undressed her, she'd have either sat up all night, or lain down in her clothes. She's more like a dead than a living woman."

ECONOMICS OF THE MANSE.

A FEW years ago, the Rev. Dr Paterson, a clergyman of the Scottish Established Church, wrote a remarkably pleasant volume, styled "The Manse Garden," with the design of improving his brethren in the very laudable art of laying out and making the most of their small gardens; and we understand that it has met with the success which its merits as well as its benevolent intentions deserved. The Scottish clergy seldom travel into the field of authorcraft—the better, perhaps, for their flocks, as well as for their own pockets, as we publishers are apt to present rather startling balance-sheets to gentlemen who print on their own account. The reverend author of the above production was so well aware of the danger of such adventures, that, with his usual kindness, he tells his clerical friends by all means to beware of being afflicted with that awful calamity, "the bite"—the itching desire to appear in print.

In spite of these obliging hints, however, a minister occasionally gets infected with the disease; and it now appears that one, a venerable father in his district, has plucked up courage to emulate Dr Paterson in his own line, having just ushered into existence a volume of a similar character, referring to all the odd matters which may be supposed to concern a clergyman in the management of his rural possessions. It is entitled, "Clerical Economics; or Hints, Rural and Household, to Ministers and Others of Limited Income,"* and we must say that we like it fully as well as "The Manse Garden." Its author is one of those delightful clergymen of the old school, who, with much good sense in their composition, think it no crime to be cheerful, and occasionally to go the length of saying something jocular in their own quiet way. At the opening of his budget, the reverend father—who, by the way, and it is well to keep the fact in mind, has no more than L.150 per annum to keep soul and body together, and present a decent face to the world—has much to say about how to battle with heritors,† a class of beings whom he considers no better than they should be. Hear him: "The fund from which the stipend is drawn never did belong to the landed interest. On the contrary, it belongs as much to the church as the coat on the heritor's back does to the heritor himself. Every body knows that the teinds and church-lands were wrenched from the church at the Reformation. The very king joined in the scramble for a share of the plunder. Not only were castles, manors, monasteries, with extensive domains, lavished on lazy court fa-

* One neat small volume. Edinburgh: John Johnston. London: R. Groombridge. 1842.

† Those landed gentry who pay the stipends of the clergy in Scotland are termed *heritors*—properly, inheritors of teinds or tithes.

vourites during the reign of James VI., but even the tithes of the whole other lands were given away to the retainers of the court with the most unbounded profusion—reserving only a mere competency for one person to serve the cure in each parish, and which, at the high value of money in those days, and the austere lives of the reformed ministers, amounted to but a small sum. In this way the titulars (many of whom derive thousands yearly from this source) and the ministers may be compared to a commonwealth of bees, where the industrious and active little insects having collected and laid up stores of honey, the large and lazy drones fall and fatten upon it. But the bees manage the matter in the long run better than the church, inasmuch as the bees act on the principle of common sense and common justice, that they who won't work are not permitted to eat."

Our friend is here a little out in his explanations; for the *purpose* to which the church property was originally assigned, is not compatible in all its extent with the reformed model: but let that pass. Bad as the heritors are, in the author's opinion, they are perfect lambs in comparison with the Commissioners of Teinds, who allocate the stipends, and whose decisions are all, as he says, founded on the belief that a church is always best established on the rock of poverty, and that the only plan for ensuring "a *pure* kirk is to have a *poor* kirk;" a saying which, he thinks, may be a very good joke, but is any thing but good logic to a parish minister on a trifle under three pounds a-week. With a salutary horror of an appeal to such personages, he counsels great caution in the attack, whether for a rise of another chalder of stipend, or a new manse. "A minister should be well advised before he takes legal steps to enforce an augmentation of stipend, that is, in the present spirit of the times. The measures are, in nine cases out of ten, very rashly gone about. It should be managed, *if possible*, at home in the meantime. It should be set about a year or two before the period expires; and it should even be delayed a year after, rather than give the blow. The heritors should be plied individually, and by their own firesides. They should not be driven to an absolute refusal, because, after giving one, they will keep by it. They should be tried once and again, and, after all, they should get a little of their own way; and, above every thing, the minister should not startle them by urging unreasonable demands. After the matter has been brought to an amicable adjustment, a mutual minute should be entered into, and the Teind Court merely required to give a legal sanction to it. A minister, upon the whole, should rather trust to the tender mercies of his own heritors, cruel as their tender mercies often are, and poor and greedy as some of them may be, than to the domineering fiats of the Court of Teinds." He upholds that the generally limited stipends are scandalous in the extreme, considering how much the heritors retain on no principle of justice, and that there should be, at all events, "ten or twelve livings worth L.1200 or L.1500 a-year, as pinnacles to which men of superior talents and activity might aspire. The dead-level system of sixteen chalders is like the Dead Sea, in which the fish can hardly live."

Having finished his preliminary advices on these ticklish points, our author proceeds to the more enlarged object of his work—house furnishing and management in all their details, marriage, education of a family, management of the glebe, buying and keeping a horse, live stock, and so forth; all which is described in a business sort of way, and, we doubt not, will have due effect on young and somewhat heedless ministers in their new and trying situation. As to furniture, he says—"In furnishing the manse, count well the cost, and the funds on hand or in prospect. Buy almost every thing new and of good quality; for here, as in every thing else, the best is the best penny-worth. But take care not to purchase more than you can manage to pay. If prudence require it, furnish only one spare bed-room, your own sleeping apartment, and the parlour, with all the indispensable necessaries of the kitchen. These any minister may pay out of his first term's stipend; and these may see him over his first sacrament in a way far more respectable than with a houseful of unpaid furniture. Then, again, the dining-room may be furnished—that is, carpets, chairs, and table, and sideboard too—if it can be overtaken: and the best bed-room, leaving, of course, the drawing-room to be furnished at the sight and with the advice of the wife"—good advices to others besides clergymen.

He by no means recommends bachelorhood, and for various weighty reasons. First, a bachelor is not master of his own house. "It might be worth while for somebody to calculate, by duly weighing the real facts, what influence any man has over his own establishment, or rather, to try to ascertain whether he has any at all. It is obvious to every penetrating eye, that the bachelors have no more to say at home than one of their own hens. In the presence of strangers, the bachelor has generally the advantage; but at times, as much occurs as intimates that the point is as far from being settled as the boundary lines between the Canadas and the United States. How the matter goes on when they are left by themselves, none of them has ever told." Married men, he continues, have not all their own way; but, from affection and interest, they are differently situated; they "generally give up one-half of the authority to their wives, knowing well, that if they don't, they may lose the whole." Bachelorhood is altogether out of the question in the manse, and he tells all who are in this unhappy condition "to take a thought and mend." But who, he adds, inquiringly, "is a confirmed bachelor, and where is he to be found? He is that solitary, melancholic, and monkish man, which is the most to be pitied of all living beings at the manse. But take his own word for it, and the confirmed bachelor is no more to be met with than a mermaid is; for nobody takes the compliment to himself, or will allow it to be given to him. While the matter is doubtful, and so long as a gleam of hope tells the flattering tale of joys never to come, the grey-haired squire boasts of the appellation, and plays off his jokes with dexterity in defence of his own order; but ask the unmarried man of fourscore years, 'How old art thou?' and he will blink the question. Advise him to marry, and he will admit that he has not given up thoughts of it; and he is always the most earnest in urging his young friends to take a wife.

But whether you be a confirmed bachelor, or one merely for a year or two by a concurrence of untoward circumstances, the word of command is—'Go marry, sir;' and know, before you die, what the words comfort, and kindly feelings, and clerical economy, mean. Be selfish and recluse no longer, but give your affections, and a portion of your worldly means, to one who will double your joys, and divide all your sorrows. Instead of misspending these on birds, cats, and dogs—great and small, black, white, and spotted—select an object more worthy of it than four-footed animals and creeping things. Instead of yawning over a book as your dumb and daily companion, smile rather on the faces of a blooming and joyous family, as the only way to make home a place of rest and happiness. Furnish your manse as you may with easy chairs, sofas, and settees—have a vapour, a shower, and a plunge bath, cold, warm, or tepid—have a snug porch, and a green door, with a fan light, and a stove in the lobby, with a flue of heated air up the main staircase to the top—have a roaring fire in the parlour every morning before breakfast, with all sorts of antique fire-screens, large and little—have a fiddle, a solitaire, a tobacco-pipe, or a set of stocking-wires, to vary your occupations—when you go for an hour to snuff up the east wind, put on your cork soles, overalls, and dreadnought—go to bed at midnight, or long after it, and rise far on in the afternoon, when the day has been well aired—have all this, and four times more; but still, my good friend, so long as you want THE WIFE, there is a coldness, a formality, and a prim correct sort of bachelorism in the whole affair, which, happily, is never to be found when there are three or four boys romping about. Children may occasion many cares, but without them there are few real comforts. 'Little children are as arrows in the hands of a mighty man. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. He shall not be ashamed, but shall speak with the enemies in the gate.' Nay, children bring not only their pleasure, mixed with care, but more solid advantages; they become, very soon, so many assistants and props to the parents, who, when old age comes on, are amply repaid for all the toil and all the anxiety the family have occasioned in their infancy."

This panegyric on matrimony leads to the very natural question—"Who should a minister marry? One somewhat of a minister's own station in life and age? Most undoubtedly. With money? Yes, as a mean, but not as an end. A wife who brings one hundred pounds a-year, and spends two, is not a profitable bargain. One penny *in* the wife is often better than two *with* her. A wife of your own flock? It may do tolerably well if the minister be endowed, and the lady wealthy; but, otherwise, it often proves hazardous. Above and beyond every thing, don't let the minister of a royal burgh cleave unto an old resident in his own town. If he does, he will not have his sorrows to seek, inasmuch as he will find himself harnessed at once and for ever to every *clishmaclaver* for the last fifty years, and to all the family feuds within the royalty, and to all the personal and party politics of a small constituency."

Talking of house affairs, he comes to the delicate subject of visiting and being visited, and recommends his brethren to be any thing but shabby in the way of giving "a party" within reasonable bounds. "Let no minister," says he, "be stingy enough to accept of dinners, unless he gives them in return as often as he can conveniently afford it." Much may be done, he thinks, by proper economy of liquors, which are always the most expensive thing in these affairs. He says that no minister should "ape a variety of wines: let him be thankful if he can muster, on an occasion of this kind, good sherry and port." As to who should be invited to his parties, why, the greater portion of his "brethren and their families; for nothing is more truly contemptible than for a minister to try to play the little colonel in a country side; if he does, he is sure to be despised by his own order, and laughed at by that of every other."

Our reverend economist discusses the question of a dairy, and, on the whole, advises keeping at any rate one cow; but the buying of the animal must be carefully gone about, dealers in the article being little better than horse-jockeys. If the minister venture upon the business himself, cows may be exhibited; but "either they are not good milkers and go all to beef, or they are in danger every time at the calving; or they give a reaming handful of rich milk, and then kick it over with their foot; or they break fences, or break the binding, and gore their neighbour. But you need scarcely ask any questions of the cow-dealer as to these matters, unless you know him, because your doing so will only tempt him to heap one falsehood on another as long as the conversation lasts. You must make your eyes your merchant, and take your chance of all contingencies." As to finding food for the cow, manage to have as much pasture as will afford her a full bite for the summer; and with respect to winter fodder, buy it any where but by personal appearance at an auction of growing crops. "Attending a roup is not a very becoming position for the minister of a parish. Besides, it is cold, sometimes wet, and always idle or tiresome; and as for bidding for any article, that is entirely out of the question, because the moment you lift a lip, a sort of persuasionary feeling goes round, that the poor man should be helped at the cost of the minister, 'who wins his money by the wind o' his mouth.' By way of keeping up the *fun*, as they call it, one man acts the part of 'white bonnet,' and another whispers into the minister's lug to stand to it, as the lot is far under value. Instead of attending a public roup, to be both cheated and laughed at, employ one of the elders, or a canny cautious neighbour."

A few pages further on, we find the very reasonable recommendation—"Let every manse have, at least, twenty stone Dutch of bacon hams and pickled pork every year; it may be thirty." These comforts he proposes to obtain at the very moderate "expenditure of half-a-dozen bolls of potatoes at the utmost, and of L.1 or 30s. for meal." But you must look to the proper management of the pig, and not only give him his meals regularly, but keep him in the nicest state of cleanliness. "Show an economist the pig, and in one moment he knows how all is going on at the manse. If he hears it squealing, and sees it climbing the stone walls, and labouring to turn up the pavement, he knows that the poor animal has not got its breakfast, just because there was no breakfast made ready to give it. Let an eye be cast into its bedstead, and he will find it so wet and dirty, that the creature is compelled to sit shivering in a corner, till rheumatism, crinkets, and death itself, close the career; this is not only cruelty, but cruelty worthy of a savage. If he find grumphy so lazy that nothing but a stroke will raise him, and lying among clean dry straw in great plenty—if he find him large, fat, and long in all his proportions but his nose—then the visiter may depend on having a good fat ham as part of his dinner, and well-aired sheets on his bed"—a hint which, we hope, will not be lost on pig-keepers.

Having now presented a tolerably varied specimen of "Clerical Economics," we can only add that, as embracing much that is exceedingly useful to residents in the country, of whatever profession, and being evidently the production of an amiable and intelligent man, deserving of better things than fortune has brought to his door, we cordially recommend it to public support.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

PATRICK HENRY, THE ORATOR.

SECOND only to Washington in the estimation of the people of the North American union, at the era of their Revolution, stood Patrick Henry, usually called The Orator of Virginia. In Hanover County, in that colony, he first saw the light on the 29th of May 1736. His father kept a grammar-school of the humbler order; and in this seminary did young Henry acquire the rudiments of Latin, which, with a slight tincture of mathematics, formed the extent of his regular education. In his boyhood, he is said to have shown a strong aversion to study, preferring greatly to indulge in the sports of the forest, the hill, and the lake, and almost always following such pursuits alone. But it was also observed of him, by the more sharp-sighted, that the quickness of his perceptions, and strength of his memory, made up in a great measure for the want of the power of close application; and that no remark of any importance could be made in his presence without being retained on his mind, heedless as he might at the time seem to be. On the whole, however, he was regarded by most people as an indolent and unpromising boy; and, his love of solitude having induced careless habits as to dress and demeanour, no external qualities appeared in him to redeem his other deficiencies.

As he was one of a family of nine children, his parents were glad to get him placed behind the counter of a small store-shop, in a country village. Thence he emerged at a very early age, and prematurely commenced business for himself. The speculation was entered on almost without capital, and soon proved unfortunate, partly, it is related, because, in place of studying the wishes of his customers, Henry took into his head the fancy of studying their characters. The knowledge which he thus acquired of human nature might enable him in after days to wield at will the fierce democracy, but it was ill calculated to improve his temporary fortunes. These were rendered still less promising by his falling in love with a Miss Shelton, and marrying her, at the age of eighteen, she being as poorly provided with funds as himself. Nevertheless, on the failure of the mercantile concern, the friends of the young pair raised a sufficiency of money to place them in a small farm, with two negroes as helps. It is admitted that Henry toiled here in a manner deserving of success; but he was ignorant of farming affairs, and was weighed down by previous debts. Two years passed away, and found

him again a ruined man; nor was a second mercantile attempt one whit more successful than the former.

Burdened with a family, overwhelmed by pecuniary engagements, and set down by all as a man doomed to misfortune, Patrick Henry, now twenty-four years of age, might almost have been pardoned for sinking into despondency. But this was not in his nature. Though others, strangely enough, seem not as yet to have descried in him the marks of a powerful intellect, he himself certainly felt the sustaining consciousness that he did possess powers, for the development of which opportunity alone was required. The direction in which he turned his thoughts at this critical period, sufficiently shows that he even had a glimmering internal sense of what was his greatest gift. He resolved to become a candidate for the *bar*. After six weeks' preparation, he presented himself before the three examiners, whose signatures were preliminary to a call, and two of them signed for him, apparently out of mere good nature. But the third, Mr John Randolph, a polished man of the old school, revolted so much at the rough and uncouth appearance of the candidate, that he refused even to examine him. Being at length induced to do so, he received a very great surprise indeed. On a mooted point of law, Henry, guided by the force, simply, of natural reason, not only astonished the examiner by the acuteness of his views and the splendour of his illustrations, but even caught the great lawyer tripping, as a reference to authorities proved. Randolph confessed his error, and generously predicted a career of fame and honour for Henry, if his industry proved equal to his genius.

Notwithstanding this encouraging prognostication, three years of penury were yet in store for the patronless Henry; and during this interval he was reduced to live with his father-in-law, in whose small inn he was not infrequently necessitated to fulfil a waiter's duties. But from this humiliating position he wanted only the aid of occasion to extricate him, and, almost accidentally, the occasion at length was granted to him. The Virginian clergy and their parishioners had a quarrel, which ultimately resolved itself into a question of damages. The clergy, much better supported than their opponents, seemed to be certain of casting the people in heavy costs. The advocate for the people became disheartened, and threw up the case; and Patrick Henry, almost as a last resource, was engaged in his stead. The day of his first appearance was every way a trying one. On the bench of the court sat not only the judges, but a large body of clergymen, the most learned men of the province; and the house itself was crowded by an eager multitude. As if to try the young advocate even more, his own father was present in an official capacity. After a clear and able address for the clergy, Patrick Henry rose. Well, at that moment, might he have felt in imagination the hands of his little children tugging at his gown, as Lord Erskine says he did on a similar occasion. The appearance of Henry was not calculated to prepossess his hearers in his favour, nor did such an effect result from his opening sentences. On the contrary, they fell so flatly from his lips, that the clergy began to nod and leer at each other, and the speaker's father hung down his head. But the scene soon changed. "As Henry warmed (to use the language of one of his biographers), he seemed to shed his nature—the rustic shell fell from him—his person seemed to undergo a mystical transformation—his mien became majestic—his eye flashed fire—the tones of his voice fell directly upon the heart—and he stood before his mute and vassal auditory, a creature of inspiration. The effect was incredible. Appalled by the fury of one of his terrible invectives, the clergy fled affrighted from the bench; and the jury, obedient to his bidding, returned a verdict of one penny damages." This memorable speech gave a proverbial phrase to Virginia, where a specially good speaker is still talked of as "being almost equal to Patrick Henry when he pleaded against the parsons."

Few orators, indeed, from Demosthenes down to our greatest moderns, have blazed forth in the perfection of their powers on their first trial. But Henry was the orator of nature, and to him art and practice were unnecessary. During his whole life, natural sense and genius, not acquired knowledge, guided him. After his opening display, he removed to Louisa county, and, carrying his reputation with him, received a large share of the somewhat meagre practice of these courts. His professional exertions of this era can only be spoken of generally, but, by all accounts, they were surprisingly brilliant. The verdicts of juries and the applause of judges, testify to this fact. But the time came when Patrick Henry was to step into a mightier arena, and employ his energies on a cause of almost unparalleled magnitude and importance. Immediately after the obnoxious Stamp Act of 1764-65 had spread a ferment among the North American colonists, Henry, at that time almost adored by the people, among whom he was ever proud to rank himself, was elected a member of the Legislature of Virginia. During the whole of the ensuing short sitting, Henry seems to have waited in the expectation that the deepening murmurs of the people would find condensed expression by some voice more authoritative than his own; but the boldest were content to sit in gloomy silence. At length, "alone, unadvised, and unassisted," as he himself tells us, Henry determined to step forth; and he proposed, in May 1765, his famous Five Resolutions, one of which asserted the sole right of the colony to tax itself, being a virtual declaration of independence. The torrent of eloquence which Henry poured forth in support of these resolutions bore down all opposition, and they were carried by a majority of *one*. We have but one sentence left to show us what the speech of Henry was. It is a sentence equally marked by power and self-possession. In the midst of his invective he exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell—and George the Third" ("Treason!" cried the speaker, and "Treason!" was re-echoed on all sides)—"Yes," continued Henry, never faltering for a moment, and fixing an eye of fire on the speaker, "and George the Third—*may profit by their example*. If this be treason, make the most of it."

The resolutions of Henry involved, as has been said, the principle of independence; but the critical struggle did not immediately follow. It was only brought on by the tea affair at Boston in 1774. The subject of our memoir was then startled anew by the armies which Britain was silently collecting in the Canadas. He thundered forth to the Virginian legislature a speech which rang through the whole colonies like the summons of a new Demosthenes—"Let us march against Philip; let us conquer or die!" He called for an armed organisation, and, pointing to the British forces in the north, he demanded what enemies Great Britain had in America to require and employ these. "She has none," he himself replied. "They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have so long been forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. We have done every thing which could be done to avert the storm which is coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and the parliament. Our petitions have been slighted—our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult—our supplications have been disregarded—and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—*we must fight!* I repeat it, sir—*we must fight!* * * * * I know not what course others may take; but as for me (cried he, his arms raised aloft, his brow knit, and his whole frame as if on fire with the enthusiasm which inflamed him), give me liberty, or give me death!" These heart-stirring passages show, that, though Henry's delivery may have been as magically impressive as it is said to have been, yet his oratory rested not for its effect on that charm alone.

Patrick Henry's speech threw Virginia into arms, and decided the character of the coming contest, giving it a warlike complexion. Nor did he hesitate to follow up his words by acts. At the Virginian capital of Williamsburgh, twenty barrels of gunpowder were taken from the state by orders of Lord Dunmore, in order to cripple their means. Henry instantly stepped forward, harangued the people of Newcastle, and soon after marched upon Williamsburgh at the head of a large force. Lord Dunmore was forced to submit, and make full restitution. When the contest fairly broke out, the subject of our memoir headed the first warlike operations in Virginia, and received a high command in the army. Some slight led him to resign, but he was even more usefully employed in the government of Virginia, which he held three several times. His countrymen would have elected him again, but, jealous even of his own assumption of a monopoly of honours, the patriot firmly refused. When peace was established, Henry confirmed the high opinions of his statesmanship, which he had earned by his provincial management, by the share he took in laying the foundations of the new republic. More particularly did he show at once his wisdom and his humanity by coming forward, in the face of the most bitter opposition, to advocate the recall of the British refugees. This conduct was the more peculiarly honourable to him, as his fortunes had suffered so severely during the seventeen years' turmoil, that he was compelled, at the age of fifty, to quit public life, and return to the bar. The speech pronounced by him on this occasion is a model of subdued and reflective eloquence. His peroration said to the Assembly—"Discard from your bosoms fears so groundless and prejudices so disgraceful—unfetter commerce—let her be free as air; depend upon it, she will range the whole creation, and return on the wings of the four winds of heaven to bless the land with plenty." His proposition was carried, and its beneficial effects were soon seen in the peopling of the yet untrodden wilds of the country.

So high was the reputation of Henry, that within six years after his return to the bar, he was enabled to retire with an ample independence. Some of his speeches of this era have been preserved, and more particularly one on the question whether British subjects were entitled to the payment of debts contracted to them before the war. Henry was employed to argue the negative by the Virginians involved; and his speech, which lasted for a whole day, would alone suffice to prove that the commanding order of his intellect was the real source of Henry's success. His main argument was, that the British confiscated and ruined all opposed to them as far as they were able. But we are to view Henry as an employed lawyer here. His advocacy of the recall of the British shows how little illiberality there really lay in his own heart.

Henry stepped out again on the floor of the Virginian Assembly, to which the mere wish introduced him at will, when the new constitution was proposed. He was a sincere republican, and not even his deep regard for Washington could prevent him from feeling and expressing alarm at the creation of a presidentship. He beheld in such an officer but a disguised monarch, and trembled at the danger that might arise from the power and favour of an army. He was unsuccessful in his opposition in the Virginian senate, but, sincere in his sentiments, he stood a candidate for and obtained a seat in the National Congress, determined still to oppose it there. But, though his mental energies were unimpaired, his health had now begun to fail, and ere the congress met, Patrick Henry was in his grave. He expired on the 6th of June, 1799. In the year before he died, it may be mentioned, Bonaparte had overthrown a series of Austrian armies, and Henry was heard confidently to predict the occurrence in France of what he dreaded even in his own more steady country. If Washington nobly falsified his fears, Bonaparte fully proved his prophetic foresight.

Every successive step which Patrick Henry took in his course through life, showed him to be no ephemeral upshoot of an hour, but a great-minded and great-hearted being, fitted, in spite of defects in his early opportunities, to exercise a comprehensive influence on his age. He must ever rank among the great founders of American liberty. No man can be named, indeed, who so directly contributed to nurse the spirit which led to that mighty and important issue. His high position was at the time marked by an English journalist who sneered at the American struggle as a revolution attempted by "a small farmer, a petty lawyer, and a journeyman printer"—Washington, Henry, and Franklin!

VISIT TO THE MORAVIAN ESTABLISHMENTS ON THE CONTINENT.

The modest and useful Protestant body who take the name of the United Brethren, but are more generally called Moravians, originated early in the last century amongst the descendants of some of those Bohemians who had rallied round John Huss and Jerome of Prague. Obliged by persecution to leave their own country, they wandered into Germany, and one considerable party found refuge at Berthelsdorf in Upper Lusatia, under the protection of a nobleman, Count Zinzendorf, who had long entertained a desire to establish a religious community in imitation of the Christian congregations of apostolic times. Here commenced, in 1727, the celebrated colony of Herrnhut, to which Zinzendorf in time gave up his whole property, and which, in the progress of time, has become the parent of a considerable number of similar establishments in continental Europe, in England, and in America. The Moravians are orthodox evangelical Protestants; but they are not so anxious about speculative points in divinity, or questions as to polity and discipline, as to see the gospel working its proper effects upon individual character. Their communities are associations in which some of the members are, with respect to worldly matters, independent, while others work in subserviency to a general interest, the whole being morally and religiously under one set of regulations. They have contributed in a very remarkable manner to the missionary cause, their chief settlements of that nature being in South Africa, the West Indies, Labrador, and Greenland. It is remarked that, wherever they have penetrated among heathen nations, they have wrought surprising changes in the habits of the people, introducing the social arrangements and industrious operations of the civilised world, as well as the superior light of the Christian faith.

In the summer of 1841, the individual now addressing the public paid a visit to some of the principal Moravian establishments on the Continent, for the purpose of satisfying himself as to the extent to which the plan of a community was followed amongst them, and the success which attended it. To proceed in the first person:—"I was anxious to obtain light upon this point, for the benefit of an association of benevolent persons who have planned a self-supporting institution, on the combination principle, in connexion with the Church of England. Having been furnished with letters of introduction by the Rev. Peter Latrobe, I first visited the settlement at Neuwied, near Coblentz, on the Rhine—a small town founded a century ago as a refuge for persecuted persons of various religious denominations, and where the Moravians are about four hundred in number. In the absence of Bishop Gambs, M. Merian, a chief director, and the inspector of the schools, conducted me over the establishment. We first visited the boys' school, which consists of a number of light airy apartments, each appropriated to a distinct class. The boys, seventy in number, sleep in one large well-ventilated room, in

which a lamp is suspended from the centre, and in which the teachers also sleep, one of whom sits up on watch all night. We then proceeded to the house occupied by the unmarried men. It is here necessary to mention that, in all the continental Moravian establishments, the unmarried men and unmarried women live in separate houses, each party by themselves, and each under the care of an elder of the appropriate sex; and the two parties have only limited opportunities of forming those acquaintances on which matrimonial unions depend. I found eighty men in this part of the establishment, all of them engaged in various employments, at which they wrought in subserviency to the general body. In one room, an individual was making up tippets and muffs, his favourite occupation. In another, one was making gloves, stocks, and boys' caps. In others were three, four, and sometimes more, making clothes, shoes, soap, candles, earthenware stoves, and other useful articles. Elsewhere, I found carpentry, cabinet-work, baking, and a large brewery. Every trade has a manager, receiving a fixed salary, and to whom money is advanced for the purchase of materials and the payment of wages. There are also shops for the sale of miscellaneous articles to the public, and a hotel for the accommodation of such as choose to resort to it. Besides the brethren of the congregation, there are servants who do not belong to it, and who receive ordinary wages. Great care is taken in selecting these persons, and every effort is made to effect their spiritual improvement. The profits arising from the trades, shops, hotel, and school, are partly devoted to the support of the church and its missions.

From the Brothers' House we went to that of the unmarried Sisters, of whom there are about a hundred. Here also was a well-conducted school for girls. The sisters not engaged in education were at work in separate rooms, from six to ten in each, making articles either for the establishment or for sale to the public. There is a room in which the latter class of articles are kept for public view. Letting of apartments to approved tenants, not of the congregation, is also a source of profit. In the Brothers' and Sisters' Houses respectively, there is a large room fitted up for public worship, with a small organ or some other musical instrument. Connected with each department, there is also a room set apart for reading when the labour of the day is done. I may here observe that the Moravians, probably from ancestral taste, are fond of music, and introduce it on some occasions when other people would think it inappropriate, as, for instance, at funerals. All amusements which usually occasion a promiscuous assemblage of the sexes—as balls, plays, and games—are forbidden.

From Neuwied I proceeded to Herrnhut, the metropolis, as I may call it, of the United Brethren. It is situated fifty miles beyond Dresden, on the southern face of a hill called Huttberg; hence its name. The population is about 1400, of whom more than two-thirds belong to the congregation. It is the place where the synods, or chief directing assemblies of the brethren, are held, and where all their missionary proceedings originate. Bishop Huffel, upon whom I first called, was too infirm to attend me; but the deficiency was supplied by Mr John F. Roderer, chief financier, a brother-in-law of Mr Latrobe, by whom I was introduced to Bishop Anders, and M. Frauerf, one of the chief directors.

Besides the trades carried on at Neuwied, I here found a large tan-yard, and manufactures in iron and brass, goldsmiths' work, and button-making; also a considerable mercantile establishment, conducted, under the firm of Abraham Durminger and Company, by three brethren, who each receive a salary. There is also a small day-school.

The business of giving lodging and hotel accommodation is carried on as at Neuwied. In the Sisters' House, I found a scale of four different prices for boarding, and a charge for lodging according to the size of the room for those who desire one exclusively. The hotel was conducted upon a respectable scale. I found in it a Livonian nobleman, of gentlemanlike deportment and well-cultivated mind, Baron Arderkas, who told me that he had lived there three years. He enlivened a few of my evenings by his tasteful performances on the piano-forte. No one, however, is allowed to lodge in the establishment at Herrnhut, not even in the hotel, without the permission of the congregation.

This may be considered as the most interesting of the Moravian establishments, as being more remote from general society, and having greater attractions and advantages than the more recent and less isolated settlements. The avenues, and the cemetry situated on a hill on the way to the observatory, which occupies a still higher eminence commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect—the house, formerly the residence of Count Zinzendorf, containing the archives of the body, and a museum of curiosities sent home by the missionaries—the extensive gardens open to the public, and an adjacent hill laid out in walks and plantations, with rustic and ornamental seats, from which delightful prospects are beheld—conspire to heighten the charms of this peaceful settlement. The musical band is here more complete than elsewhere, and occasionally the congregation is summoned to church by trumpets played from one of the upper windows of the building.

During my residence at Herrnhut, I rode over with Mr Roderer to Nisky, a settlement twenty miles off, where there is a large and well-conducted academy for boys, besides the usual establishment for the useful arts. The education is here so far advanced, that the boys may be directly transferred to the Moravian University at Guadenfeld, in Upper Silesia, where preparation for the ministry is completed.

From Herrnhut I afterwards proceeded to Kleinwelke near Bautzen, where there is a congregation of about four hundred. The same trades were carried on here as at Herrnhut, with rather more of agriculture; but the chief interest at this place was in the schools for the children of the missionaries—between forty and fifty boys, and about the same number of girls. Many were orphans, whose parents had fallen victims to the climate in which they had preached the gospel. I never saw any boarding-school in England where the children were more comfortably provided for in every respect, or appeared so happy; separate rooms were appropriated to the different classes; and here, as in all the other schools, the children sleep singly. As we visited the different classes, the good pastor Ulteh seemed to take pleasure in referring to the widely-separated parts of the globe in which the children had been born; pointing to each in succession, he said, "from Labrador," "from Africa," "from Surinam," "from Greenland," "from the West Indies," &c. At Kleinwelke, twenty-five of the brethren work at an establishment for making church bells, belonging to Mr Ghrul, who is not of the congregation.

The last settlement I had an opportunity of seeing was that of Zeist, near Utrecht, in Holland, where the number of members is about four hundred. Besides the same description of trades and manufactures as at other stations, there are seven or eight shops or rooms, in which a great variety of articles are sold, in addition to those made at the establishment, as well as two boarding-schools for boys and girls: profit is also derived from letting some of the apartments to respectable individuals not belonging to the congregation. The Rev. P. Raillard accompanied me through the sisters' house and schools, and I could not but remark the great regard and respect every where evinced towards him; and, indeed, in all the settlements, I was impressed with the idea, that the pastor or bishop at the head of the establishment appeared to be precisely that individual best qualified by his intelligence, kind feelings, and manners, for the highest office.

From what has been stated, it must be obvious that there are only some details common to all the Moravian settlements. Agreeing in the general principle of combining for the purpose of promoting their own spiritual improvement and the planting of Christianity in the uncivilised parts of the globe, all their regulations, and, as much as possible, all their temporal affairs, are made subservient to these important ends. As to the mode or degree in which this is effected, much depends upon local and other circumstances, the capabilities and probable success of the brethren in their respective trades, the wants of the neighbourhood, and how far they can meet the competition of external society. For instance, at Herrnhut there is no boarding-school, for they have there no educator equal to M. Schordan at Nisky; to which place, accordingly, many children are sent from Herrnhut. At Nisky, situated in a remote and desolate country, where few strangers are seen, two shops are scantily though sufficiently supplied; while at Zeist, in the centre of a highly civilised and populous country, and much visited, there are no less than seven or eight shops for the sale of numerous articles, besides those made on the spot.

The most striking feature in all the proceedings of the United Brethren, is the intimate connexion that subsists between religion and secular affairs; the former is never lost sight of, but, on the contrary, is constantly the governing principle, and is visible in their intercourse with each other. In all new undertakings, in all changes, or when any misunderstanding arises, a conference is called of the bishop or pastor, the wardens and managers. Hence, in every measure proposed, its bearing upon the interests of religion is the chief consideration. Thus, all that concerns the members, of whatever age, individually or collectively, commercial pursuits, amusements, schools—in short, all the transactions of life—are brought under the immediate direction and control of religion. This plan, at once simple and comprehensive, becomes easy of execution; any unforeseen counteracting influence is in general soon corrected; and, when adopted at the missionary stations, renders them more efficient, and enables the brethren to make great progress with very limited resources.

There is a German phrase signifying "prayer and labour," which seems to characterise the Moravian settlements, and singularly applicable to the brethren is the remark of Locke—that "for a man to attend to his religion and to his particular calling, is generally sufficient to take up his whole time." Habitually occupied in their several trades, they become unconscious of that monotony which is felt by a stranger—relieved, however, in some degree, by the cultivation of music. There appears to be no public library, nor much encouragement given to scientific pursuits and discoveries. These might involve expense, and prevent that concentration of mind to the one great object to which all their thoughts and energies are devoted. But I would remark, with reference to my own object, that that very omission to which the brethren may have been in some measure indebted for extraordinary success in a specific and most important branch of Christian duties, renders the Moravian settlement imperfect as the model of a Christian community embracing all the legitimate objects of human society. The study of the sciences, the practice of the arts, and the prosecution of discoveries, present an inexhaustible field for the exercise of the diversified talents of mankind, and for that enterprise and excitement which, if not called forth by purer and higher aspirations, are too often wasted upon objects useless or pernicious. * * *

[Our correspondent goes on to draw various inferences from the Moravian establishments with regard to the design of a self-supporting institution for the humbler classes in England, in connexion with the Established Church. We do not think it necessary to follow him in these, but would remark, that great caution is necessary in all imitative movements. A revolution in 1688 succeeds in England; but an imitative revolution attempted in Naples in 1823 fails. The Moravian communities, as far as they really are communities, have taken their rise under the influence of a concentrated religious zeal affecting a small body of men to the very inmost cores of their nature. They have thus had an active and powerful principle of continuous force to carry them on through all arrangements and undertakings. We can easily conceive a new association realising all the peculiar arrangements of the Moravians, and even more favourably circumstanced with regard to wealth and the countenance of great names, but which would nevertheless fail for lack of that concentrated spirit which only extraordinary circumstances and occasions can generate. Here, evidently, lies the great difference between the Moravian communities and those social establishments which Mr Owen has endeavoured to plant. The one class seem to us like a body which, having a vital principle in it, can stand of itself; the other is like a body which, wanting life, can only stand while it is held up by external means. The plan of our amiable correspondent is based on truly respectable principles, and contemplates excellent objects; but we would hope that it will not be commenced unless its supporters are sure of its having the full benefit, not only of money and good intention, but of that self-sustaining energy which so often brings success in circumstances otherwise unfavourable, and without which all common circumstances of a favourable nature are in vain.]

A BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

In the year 1822, while resident in Madrid, I had frequent opportunities of seeing those savage exhibitions, the bull-fights, of which the Spaniards, notwithstanding their partial regeneration, still continue to be passionately fond. For their own sake, such spectacles are not worthy of description, but they serve as records of national manners, to be contrasted with something better in our own country, and I will venture to depict one of the exhibitions at which I chose to be present.

The place of the spectacle was at the amphitheatre, situated beyond the Puerta del Sol, one of the outlets from the city. The edifice is formed of wood, of a circular form, having no roof, and seated quite round, except at the place where the bulls are kept: these seats are somewhat like pews, those for the people of the highest rank being nearest the top of the building. The place in which the bulls are kept is a cellar under ground, whence the ascent to the arena is by a dark passage, with two doors, one at the end of the passage, and the other opening on the arena; and these doors, at the entrance of the bull, are opened by men in such a manner as completely to cover their persons.

Several days before the exhibition takes place, the bulls are confined in the cellar; and during the interval, are occasionally soundly whipped, in order that they may be rendered still more ferocious than they might otherwise be. Bulls for this purpose, at Madrid, generally come from the wilds between La Sierra Morena (the Black Mountain) and La Mancha.

On the day spoken of, the king, the court, all the grandees, and their ladies, were present, so that a most favourable opportunity was afforded me of seeing whatever Madrid boasted of beauty, rank, and fashion, more especially as my seat was in the very highest row. The first *palcos* (boxes) were adorned by some of the handsomest dark-eyed ladies that could be seen in Spain, their rich *basquinas* and mantillas (a particular dress for Spanish ladies) being worn with infinite grace. An immense deal of ceremony takes place before the real business of the day commences. Exactly opposite to the door by which the bull enters, the box of the king is placed, and of course the highest is allotted for the purpose. Should the king be absent, the highest in authority, whether civil or military, takes his place. Civil officers are appointed to give orders to those having charge of the bulls. The principal magistrate, attended by two *alguazils* (inferior officers of justice), having ascertained that every thing is ready, comes forward in front of the box occupied by the authorities, and, after a formal salutation, requests leave to proceed with the entertainment. This being accorded him, he goes out of the ring, and gives the signal; immediately the two folding-doors fly open, and a bull rushes furiously into the arena; but, upon seeing the assembled multitude,

he makes a pause, and looks around, as if seeking some object on which to spend his rage. The *picadors*, attired in the ancient Spanish dress, are stationed on horseback, lance in hand, at the part of the ring which faces the bull's entrance. On this occasion an Asturian damsel was acting as a *picadora*, the only difference between her and the others consisting in this, that in place of stopping the bull with the lance, she used large darts, which she threw at him with great dexterity.

On the occasion of which I am speaking, the first bull which rushed into the arena glared with savage bewilderment, and roared prodigiously. The Asturian was the first to present herself before him, and adroitly fixing one of her darts in his shoulder, galloped round, the bull running towards her. Rapidly returning to the charge, she again planted another piece of iron in his neck; but, whilst endeavouring to treat him to a similar enlivener for the third time, the bull plunged his horns into the belly of her horse, and tossed horse and woman to a great height. They fell as if dead; and while the bull was endeavouring, amid the applause of the multitude, to put a finish to what he had so well commenced, the *banderilleros* (young men on foot, dressed in a red cloak, and armed with darts of wood, shod with iron at the one end, and having a squib at the other, which takes fire on being fixed), with their red cloaks, came to distract his attention, and gave the woman an opportunity to escape.

A general shout of "*Bueno! bueno! viva el toro!*" (Bravo! bravo! long live the bull!) was thundered in the amphitheatre, while the woman and the horse were being removed from the arena. The woman had her right leg broken.

The first attacking party being thus off the field, the next picador advanced towards the enraged animal; the bull sprung forward at him, but he was arrested by the lance; however, he returned to the charge before the horse could face about, and fixing his horns between the horse's thighs, tossed him in the air, and overthrew the rider. Instantly the banderilleros again appeared, and horse and man were removed.

A third picador offered battle to the bull, who, rushing at him, was stopped by a lance firmly planted in the shoulders; in vain did the bull try to overcome his antagonist by pressing upon him, while the steel was in his body; every effort only served to fix the lance the deeper, till at last he disentangled himself by drawing back, which, in the estimation of the Spaniards, is a very cowardly thing. They manifested their disapprobation by loud cries, and forthwith, to excite the unfortunate animal, the banderilleros threw their darts at him. The poor bull was quite mad; the same picador again stopped the beast; he was very weak from loss of blood, and therefore offered little resistance to the attack. Unable to combat, the time for the matadors to dispatch him soon came. The first *matador* (literally, murderer), holding in his left hand the *muleta* (muller), and in his right the sword, drew near him; and the very instant when the animal rushed towards him, he made his allonge, the sword being directed to the heart; the creature staggered, but was not dead. The turn of the second matador now came, and this official soon gave a blow by which the animal fell lifeless to the ground. The moment the poor creature fell at the feet of the second matador, trumpets were heard, and four mules entered to drag the carcass from the arena.

I might describe the various combats which took place with the different bulls; but as, with very little difference, one narration may serve for all, I shall confine myself to relating a ludicrous circumstance that happened in the fight with the fifth animal brought into the arena. This toro was very successful in disabling the several opponents he had to encounter. The three first picadors were all more or less injured; and of their horses, one had his legs broken, and the two others were ripped up by the enraged brute. At such excessive good fortune on the part of the bull, the applause of the Spaniards was boundless. A French drummer, sitting on the lowest bench, and who was tipsy at the time, annoyed at so many being forced to retire before the bull, leaped the barrier separating the arena from the spectators, and went staggering to set the bull at defiance. Mingled roars of laughter, and cries of "Long live the drummer!" struck upon the ear. Meantime the man advanced as well as he could, putting himself in a fencing attitude, apparently forgetful, however, that his sabre was hanging by his side.

The bull rushed towards him, and while the drummer appeared desirous of boxing his ears, he was forced, from the effects of the liquor he had taken, to measure the length of his back on the ground. The scene now became amusing in the extreme. Stretched on the sand lay the luckless drummer, moving his feet to whatever direction the bull made the attack, and making a multitude of ejaculations each time that his enemy came to an unpleasant propinquity; though the danger was more apparent than real, as, owing to his antagonist not being able to bring his horns sufficiently low to do him serious injury, he was scarcely touched. The animal, after trying to toss the recumbent drummer, contented himself with simply smelling at him; and then, seeing that nothing could be done, retreated several steps, being obliged to do so by the flashing of the red cloaks of the banderilleros, who came to succour the inebriated combatant. The drummer was quickly removed, almost unhurt, though his antagonist was not so fortunate, for, after having received several lances, he was dispatched by the unerring dagger of the matador.

What must appear to the spectator the cruelest part of this exciting spectacle, is the manner in which the poor horses are treated. Their eyes bandaged, they are subjected to the unsparing control of their riders; they are forced, even when wounded, to continue to minister to the gratification of an anxious and sanguinary crowd. No relaxation is afforded them; and till nature, entirely exhausted, refuses them strength to remain any longer standing, they are obliged to bear their part in this brutal entertainment.

No man can reflect on the character induced by the continued indulgence in these *amusements*, without attributing to their influence a considerable part of the disregard for human life always manifested by the Spaniards. The circumstance of frequently beholding the blood of the noblest animals shed without remorse, for no useful end, at last must lead to an entire contempt for the shedding of human blood. The surprise, therefore, that one at first feels on hearing of the atrocities perpetrated during the late civil war in Spain by the several factions, must disappear when one of the principal causes is assigned.

LINES ON OPENING A CASKET.

Oh! none would covet jewellery,
Or scenes where jewels shine,
If every casket's treasured hoard
Told such a tale as mine.
A bracelet—of my father's hair,
A locket—of a brother's,
A brooch—memorial of despair,
A guard-chain—of my mother's.
Rings, fans, and hearts, unfitly gay,
From friends estranged or far away;
That spotless agate cross was given
By one who now finds rest in heaven;
And long we've wept the matron staid,
Who gave yon locket's raven braid:
Memorials all, save *one* alone,
Of grief, of death, of friendship flown!

Grey is the lock that bracelet bears,
But thought, not time, had made it so;
For in the strength of mind and years
Was that thrice-honour'd head laid low!

This locket's golden silky tress,
It waved once on a cherub's head,
Lent but to cherish and to bless—
Soon was its angel mission sped:
Through the stain'd crystal still appear
A sister's kiss, a mother's tear!

The auburn lock, it graced a brow
Bright in the majesty of truth;
That, too, is pillow'd lowly now,
And with it rests the dream of youth!

My mother's hair—she lives, and long,
Long may she live, loving, beloved!
But this fair chain was twined, ere wrong
Or woe her widow'd heart had proved;
And thus, even this becomes the theme
Of life's uncertainty and change—
The heartlessness of fashion's stream,
The void of miscall'd pleasure's range!

'Twere well if all vain ornament
Such grave and tender warning sent;
Then would life's giddy vanity
Be temper'd with fond memory;
And few would covet ornament
Or scenes where trinkets shine,
If every body's jewels sent
A lesson sad as mine!

L. F. C.

BENEVOLENCE OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that, without referring to more distant quarters, the cardinal points of Dublin afford striking and permanent illustrations of the philanthropy of medical men. The founders of the following hospitals, Sir Patrick Dun's on the east, Stephen's on the west, and the Rotunda on the north, were physicians; while the medical officers of the Meath Dublin County Infirmary on the south, voluntarily transferred their salaries to the funds of the hospital. Doctor Lentaigne was so liberal of his professional services, that he was named "the poor man's doctor;" he was contented with whatever fee his patients could afford to give. Once a-week he gave a most comfortable, nay, elegant dinner, at which he presided, to a crowd of reduced gentlemen. Doctor Percival, not to speak of his uniform benevolence and high-mindedness, gave all the fees he had received on Sundays in charity. May I ask if there be any one here that has been idle and thoughtless, and thinks that he cannot retrieve lost time and neglected opportunities? Do I address another that may be disheartened by poverty at home? Do I recognise a third, conscious and justly convinced of the possession of high mental powers, and who is not prepared to make a successful struggle for fame and fortune—prepared, I say, to rise above his fellow-men, and exact the homage due to superior intellect and genius? If there be any such amongst us, let him lend an attentive ear to this hasty sketch of a great and good man. The biographer of the late lamented Cheyne of this city states—"While he (Dr Cheyne) was assistant-surgeon and surgeon in the artillery, from 1795 to 1799, his time was spent in shooting, playing billiards, reading such books as the circulating library supplied, and in complete dissipation." Thus were spent these four years of the life of a great man. But the sun then rose on the soul of Cheyne. "He determined to become once more a medical student, and spent nine additional years in the study of pathology and the practice of medicine, by patient observation, reading, and the experience of the best living authorities." After such preparation, did this physician, a candidate for professional distinction and professional success, require that his innate talents, his hard-earned knowledge, his worldly tact, should be bolstered up by the aid of riches to procure the eminence he aimed at? No. Cheyne was the architect of his own fortune. "In 1809 he settled in Dublin, neither expecting nor indeed wishing for rapid advancement. What is easily acquired is little valued, and often soon lost. He had a few friends, who were much dissatisfied with his apparent apathy, and the obscurity in which he lived. During the first six months of his sojourn in Dublin, he made only three guineas. In 1816, Cheyne's practice yielded him L.1710; in 1820, and for ten successive years, it was L.5000." Did Dr Cheyne feel now that fame was happiness, that eminence was happiness, that riches are happiness? Was he not ready to acknowledge, with Young, that "the wish accomplished is the grave of bliss?"—*Hayden's Physiology.*

[We cordially coincide in the foregoing observations on the benevolence of the medical profession, the members of which, as far as our knowledge goes in Edinburgh, are decidedly the most benevolent portion of the community. Their cheerful and gratuitous attendance on the destitute poor, their labours at hospitals and dispensaries, and the intrepid manner in which in many cases they incur great personal danger from contagion, without the hope of reward, all merit the highest meed of public approbation.]

AMERICAN MANNERS.

I had long heard of the impertinent curiosity, rudeness, vulgarity, and selfishness of the people of the States; but, instead of any extraordinary signs of these repulsive qualities, I found good breeding, politeness, frank hospitality, and very generous feeling, prevailing amongst them, in as great a degree and with as few exceptions as at home. In the cities I saw none of the open displays of depravity which disfigure our large towns; and in all my journeying I never saw the face of a policeman—never met a beggar or any one in the garb of mendicity—never heard uttered an oath or imprecation—and never witnessed an instance of intoxication but one. * * I observed, when at Albany, that the Americans are attentive to their religious duties, and this opinion has been confirmed by a further acquaintance with them. One does not meet here with any pretension to the *high fashion* bred in courts and pervading their atmospheres; but exclude this from the comparison, and, between the States and England, there will be found, in private society, such a resemblance of manners, as for the moment makes a Briton forget he is not in his own country; or if that shall be called to his mind, it will probably be by a difference only in the personal appearance in the natives of the two countries.—*Captain Barclay's Tour.*

EXALTATION OF CRIMINALS.

The sympathy lavished by misdirected benevolence on persons convicted of hideous crimes, who, if they had remained in virtuous poverty, would have excited no sort of attention, is one of the most odious things which we are called on to notice. A correspondent of the *Times*, styling himself "No Pharisee," thus feelingly and sensibly treats of the subject:—"It appears that, in most instances, criminals are better fed and lodged in prisons than the honest and well-disposed poor in the union workhouses. The police reports almost daily show that the poor have begun to appreciate the difference; and now, if a pauper wishes to be better fed and lodged and cared for than he would be in the workhouse, he forthwith commits some offence to entitle him to the indulgences to be obtained by crime. The perverted taste and spurious sentiment which divert that commiseration and sympathy to criminals, which would find ample room for their exercise among the well-disposed and industrious, but unfortunate, are calculated to produce the worst results; and it has become a serious inquiry to ascertain whether these causes have not had considerable influence in increasing the amount of crime in this country. If a vicious girl, precocious in crime, attempts to set fire to the dwelling in which she has been provided with a good home through charity, when brought for examination, she is surrounded by a crowd of well-dressed tender-hearted dames, who are quite shocked that so interesting an object should be thought worthy of punishment, and urgently solicit her release. If a ruffian should commit a crime so atrocious that it degrades our national character, and strikes with horror the feelings of the right-thinking portion of society, it happens, when he is brought to justice, that the public expect daily reports in the papers of the day of how he ate and how he slept, what he drank, and what he said. Persons from every class of society solicit the distinction of being admitted to his levee. Pious but weak-minded ministers of religion hold him forth as one of the chosen among the elect; and when, finally, he is brought to undergo his just punishment, one of the principal officers of the great metropolis of the empire, robed and furred with all the decorations of his office, mounts on the scaffold for the purpose of shaking hands with the wretch who has polluted society with his crimes. He passes from the world with more honour and commiseration than ever attended the most worthy among the Christian martyrs. If depraved taste leads certain persons to feel that sympathy with crime, and seek their saints in jails, let them, if they will, canonise their bones—let them enact pilgrimages to the shrines of Saint James Greenacre and Saint Francis Courvoisier, but let them not so control the character and feelings of society as to cause the poor to be treated as criminals, and criminals as martyrs."

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